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SUMMER 48

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SUMMER ISSUE

Volume LII
Number 4

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Malynda Hiott

Case: Euclid vs. Euclid

The sun drops and drops, a jerking finger down a vacant blue
Page of a measured past, and I, the keeper in the watch-tower
Sternly bent in the Euclidean dictated map am swimming under sea
As it breaks like ice in lines and points or shattered glass;
The fragments pierce my ears in antique torture until I and they
Fall according to the laws into a desert place and I awake

Where the camel trots, quashing the salt-sand beneath its hooves,
Hollows left for the wind to wash across and across
By the palm tree grove. The sands lengthen into lines to the foot
Of my tower, jaded but firm. I must climb it to my nest,
European and misplaced, and there I perch, one spindling leg
Drawn to my chest, nodding and winking with my long-billed head:

In the circle of my eye, aghast, the circle of the vacant sands spreads
Reluctantly or fast in a full-watered mirage. Here, there is no creeping
Black. Night plummets straight from the sun's round eye to mine
As a stone from a sling in dead meteoric force. Flatly, come the birds,
Flatly, hum the sands as they shiver. Distinctly, we cannot know, know
The increasing presence weighing its worn self closer at our backs—

Bidden to wait and be silent, the desert birds cough warily.
Shift their hold while eying me out of a vast recollection of constant
Winds and sands that burn the eyelids to a crisp. And I must lisp
My lesson in this wise: Observing the reaches of the land, it is
The night's ice dropping in the wind that causes the foreclosing of silty
Heat: or I might say that this air is cold, distinctly, man is cold:

That is . . . night curves so bluntly in my face, your beaks curve
So gravely. You are leaving. Why? I wanted to say, only that I
Could wish to rise and shake a queen into a cat, shake the desert
Rat to salt, blasting the ground like chaff to windward and away.
Lines converge, the sanded sea converges according to the best geometry.
The question of it lies in a pan pained as, broad as the land. It spins:

It was preaching a dry lesson to dry retainers. Interpolated between
The bubblings of the grove's one spring comes a chatter chatter
Like monkeys at a platter. And what is it that they think and
What does it matter? Desert birds are buried nightly in the wind
Blowing through from sea to mountains dropping rain, from the wet
Lands to the desert sands. Standing by them—mummified, I remember
and

I remember how it was that famine sought and rose: the horned fowl of
desert:
If you look to the oasis, salt-grass bristling in the wind, a well,
My tower sharply struck against the wind, palms against the wind,
Perhaps you will have a foolish dream.
I will fly into the air, draw my feet together. I will fly to greenish
Skies, to the rising cloud that spins me into day, that winces to day.

MARJEAN PERRY

The Cats

By JOYCE POSSON

LAST week I saw Mrs. Newet again after fifteen years. She still didn't speak. Immediately I thought of Burton Baldwin and wondered where he was, wondered what had happened to him. I thought of how he looked and what he said when he left me when I was twelve; and I remembered his mother and the cats yowling in the yard next door.

My house and the Baldwins' house and Mrs. Newet's house stood in a row and were very much alike. That is, all three were made of red brick with gray slate roofs and ivy on the chimneys; and each had a red brick path to the sidewalk, and one tree growing in the front yard. My house, however, had a small porch just large enough for three or four chairs in summer, and the Baldwins' had a bigger porch with a green awning. Mrs. Newet's house had a step or two and that was all. Inside, the rooms were arranged the same way, with the parlors on one side and the kitchens on the other. Strangers in the neighborhood always commented on the triplet houses and asked us who the builder was. We didn't know or care; we only knew that the people who lived inside were very different.

When my family moved onto Filmore Street the three houses were about a year old, and there were only four other houses on the whole block. There was an alley next to our yard, and reaching from there to the corner was a muddy field where Burton Baldwin and I built shacks out of old boards and dug roads for our toy cars in summer. I was eight when we bought our house, and I hated the new neighborhood and cried more than my sister Jennifer who was only two and didn't care where we lived. And then Burton came over the second afternoon and asked my mother if I could play. He was eleven and tall for his age, but was very thin and pale. His hair was light brown and fell into his eyes, and blue veins stood out on his forehead. I had never known an older boy before and felt suddenly shy even though I was pleased that he had come to see me. I didn't know then that I was the only other child over five in the neighborhood.

We sat on the front porch, I in the chair with the broken arm, and Burton in my father's rocker. I am sure I did not say more than three words in the hour that he was there; and when he left I was convinced that he was the most amazing person in the world. I learned that he had no brothers or sisters, and that his father was a lawyer with a large corporation downtown. His mother was an invalid, and they had bought a house on the outskirts of the city so that she could be away from noise. Burton was two years ahead in school and knew everything about anything. He had had rheumatic fever and couldn't bike or skate, so spent hours reading. During the four years

that he lived next door, he taught me more about science and nature than I ever learned in school.

He told me that he wanted to be a veterinarian, and he liked dogs most of all. He didn't have one of his own since animals made his mother nervous, but he didn't seem to mind. He hated cats, and I felt guilty and very young remembering how I had loved my first and only pet, a black and white striped kitten which had died the year before.

When he went home he warned me to keep out of the way of Mrs. Newet, who lived in the third brick house. She had no children, only a husband who was fat and bald and worked in a hardware store. I had seen him walking by while our furniture was being moved in, and he had smiled at me and nodded to my father. Burton said that Mrs. Newet was an ugly woman who wore too much rouge and had kinky red dyed hair. I was surprised when I saw her for the first time, for she looked all right to me.

Burton and I played together all that summer, and our mothers became friends. When she was feeling fairly well, Mrs. Baldwin came into our backyard in the late afternoon and sat in a striped lawn chair in the shade. She always wore a large straw hat, and her hair under it was the color of Burton's, light and short and waved around her ears. She was not at all beautiful, but her smile was gentle and her voice was low and soft. I had always been called Roberta, but I liked it when she said "Robbie," and teased me about my knees which were usually scratched and sore. It was obvious that Burton adored her, and sometimes when he looked at her his eyes seemed to turn darker under the light lashes as if he were afraid.

Mr. Baldwin was always busy at work and often didn't get home until late at night. He was a tall, dark man with thick curly hair and a prominent jaw. Beside him, his wife seemed especially delicate, her skin even more transparent. I was a bit afraid of him, although he was never unkind; and when I was older and as husky as a boy, he paid me to cut their lawn since Burton wasn't strong enough. Perhaps he seemed strange because he was so unlike my own father. He never joked or even talked very much, but when he told Burton to do something his voice was stern. And Burton never disobeyed.

Mrs. Baldwin always spoke quietly, and it was restless to sit with her in the backyard. My mother said she had never really gotten well after Burton was born, and that was why she couldn't go to parties or belong to any of the women's clubs. I think she would have been very lonely if it hadn't been for Burton. They made up funny stories to tell each other, and she sketched little figures on scraps of paper to make us laugh. One time she showed me a picture which had been taken when she and Mr. Baldwin were

first married, and I would hardly have recognized her. She looked young and pretty, and it made me almost want to cry. Mr. Baldwin hadn't changed at all; there were other people in the picture, and he was smiling at a lady standing beside him.

Whenever Mrs. Baldwin had to stay in bed all day, my mother made a pudding for her, and I took it over in one of our best dishes. One afternoon Burton had gone to the store, so I pushed the back door open and she called to me to come upstairs. I climbed the steps, holding the pudding carefully in my hands, and found her room easily since her house was just like mine. She was sitting up in bed with a wool shawl around her shoulders although it was the middle of July, and all of the windows were tightly closed. There were no curtains, and the room was almost bare, without any pictures or ornaments except for an enlarged snapshot of Burton on the dresser. I didn't see anything which might have belonged to Mr. Baldwin.

I stood in the doorway, the pudding dish sticky between my fingers, and she pointed to a table where I could put it down. Her hair was not curled and she seemed older and tired.

"Aren't you hot in here?" I asked.

She didn't smile but she didn't seem angry.

"Too much air isn't good for me," she said slowly. "And it's more quiet this way." As she spoke, I heard through the closed windows cats yowling in Mrs. Newet's yard next door. There must have been six or eight of them, and they were screeching as though something were after them. I walked to the window and saw Mrs. Newet's bright red head bent over a pan of food she was holding above the ground. The cats were jumping high to reach it, and I watched them until finally she put the pan down on the step and went back into her house. When I turned around, Mrs. Baldwin was lying flat with her eyes closed, and I tiptoed out so as not to wake her.

In spite of what Burton had said, I secretly felt that Mrs. Newet was very stylish. She wore hats with plumes and flowers, and her dresses were purple or green or yellow. She went out for lunch almost every day and sometimes stayed for supper. From my own back yard, in the evening, I could see Mr. Newet eating alone in his kitchen. He always needed a haircut and he was awkward with the pans at the stove. He had to feed the cats when Mrs. Newet was gone, and I felt sorry for him. I watched her hurry down the street at noon, her hair fluffed under her hat and her pocketbook swinging on her arm, and I admired her walk. But I never liked her. I was too loyal to Burton's opinions, and I also had pride. She never spoke to me, and I took joy in hating her.

I had known Burton almost a year when I discovered that he was not always quiet and submissive. I was lying on my stomach in the back yard reading a book I had been given for my birthday when he called to me. I didn't answer. He called again and I turned the page and read on. He shouted a third time and I put my fingers in my ears. When he didn't call again I raised my head, slyly looked out of the corner of my eye, and was so frightened that I jumped up and ran to the fence. He was crouched in the middle of his yard, his fists beating on his knees, his face white, with the blue vein bulging on his forehead. Tears of rage were running down his cheeks but he didn't make a sound.

"Burton!" I screamed, "Burton!"

His arms fell limply to his sides and he straightened his body in jerks, sobbing convulsively. When he was himself again I half-crawled, half-stumbled over the fence, falling on my knees into his mother's garden.

"Burton," I begged, "don't ever do that again!"

He stared at me and laughed queerly.

"I won't," he said, "if you'll do what I say."

I was willing to do anything. He demanded that we clean Mrs. Newet's yard.

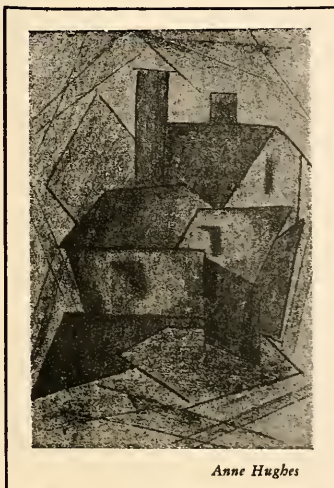
Our yard and the Baldwins' yard were always neat and uncluttered. Mr. Baldwin never paid much attention to his place, but my father and Burton took the trash out to the alley every Wednesday night; and the garbage man came on Mondays and Fridays. Mrs. Newet's yard was filled with junk. Bottles, old clothes, tin cans, and paper cartons soggy with rain lay in heaps from the back door to the outer edge. The cats, overfed and mangy, groveled in the debris and produced kittens by the dozen in the driest boxes. My mother had threatened to complain to someone every week or so but never did. Mrs. Baldwin turned her chair so that it faced our house, and held a flower to her nose in especially warm weather. She never said anything herself but listened to my mother rave, and on the hottest days she didn't come outdoors at all.

This morning Mother had driven Mrs. Baldwin for her weekly visit to the doctor, and Burton and I were alone. We dragged the hose from his basement and screwed one end to the spigot on the side of the house. Hiding behind a clump of shrubs, I gripped the nozzle tightly and sent a steady stream of water toward Mrs. Newet's back door. Yowling, screeching cats scrambled into every corner of the yard. I was delighted and looked at Burton for approval. He was not laughing; instead, his face was strained, his lips sucked in.

"Harder," he whispered fiercely. "Harder! Get them all!"

He twisted the hose so that the water sprayed the door just as Mrs. Newet opened it. Her green print

(Continued on Page 20)



Anne Hughes

Ulamba

I

On a dank inland road Ulamba saw
lean seed pods hanging on twigs
become stiff-finned herring
to flick their dry tails
at the reaming wind, heard
the long keen of oak-blackened
swamp water herding shattered ice.
He found a splinter of obsidian,
but no incantation to return
the heat of its origin,
and could not discover
the fur of a hare
except in hawk-torn patches
where chips of the cold stung his eyes,
too young and much too old
to hear the counterpoint of owls.

II

Seven days lulled by keenless sand
and full of unculled movements
from grass and dune and sea
Ulamba could hear only
the sound of heat and
murmuring echoes of his smile
reflecting the sliding of tides.
He found a shell and
forgot the look of shattered ice,
forgot the four elements
but invented them anew:
sun, water, sand and skin
when purged of contrast became
Ulamba, or perhaps a wingless gull.

JEAN FARLEY

Another Journey of Ulamba

Seven slow days
bartered from sun and sand and sea
and then an end of it.
The wind began to dance
as a sea-wet child
luring Ulamba across the width
of a grain of sand,
or perhaps the world,
into a city of brass.
Leaving him there
it surrendered long crooked halls
to the burnishing sun,
for this was the city
of wind only in tornado times.
During days of calm
the sun worked hard
to polish bent metal
and send a horn call
to tree and grass and vine
weeded by the wind
from his city of anger.
Here Ulamba heard the whispers
and chants of a time between times
of grey flinging green and gold,
the murmur of metal to metal
of bird to bird
dulled by layers of humming warmth.
Thus returning to the days
which were seven forever
he slept under a twisted wall,
or was it a pile of sand?

JEAN FARLEY

To Kentucky

By NANCY SHEPHERD

I WAS in the back parlor with Grandfather the day Uncle John came to take him to Kentucky. Mother's old sheet music was spread out around me over the rug, and I was taping up the bad places in "Dardanella" and "Peggy O'Neal." The room was quiet except for the ticking of the rosewood clock behind its gold painted curtains and the occasional falling of the coals in the stove.

Mother opened the door and said, "Dad?" My grandfather was in his great winged chair by the window. His lips, half-parted, went in and out when he breathed, and the front of his limp white shirt moved slightly up and down under the newspaper on his chest. His head with its thin grey hair was resting against one side of the wings, his chin tilting upward as if to keep his curled collar from tickling. She walked over to his chair. "Bless him, asleep again!" she said to nobody. She lifted the spectacles from his nose by the one remaining temple and dropped them into his shirt pocket. She put her hand on his shoulder to shake him gently. "Dad, John's here. Wake up!"

"Hum, oh! Yes—John." He woke with a start, blinked purposefully several times, and rose, letting the newspaper fall to the floor.

"You've got to get ready if you're to go home with him for a few days."

I watched my grandfather leave the room with Mother. But I knew he was not going home with Uncle John. He was being taken to Kentucky, and Uncle John lived nowhere near Kentucky. I knew then that I had lost all chances of escaping eternal damnation. And what was worse—so had the rest of my family, including Uncle John and Mother.

Mother told me to watch the fire, dear, it's getting colder outside.

"Yes'm," I said, not thinking, after the door was closed behind her. I planned somewhere way in the back of my head to take care of the fire later. I walked over to the great winged chair. Its big cushion was wrinkled and it was easy to tell that my grandfather had just got up. I sat down, leaning back heavily. It had stopped raining outside. The big drops of rain on the window pane kept getting close together and rolling to the bottom. Through them, I could see the wisteria vine all gnarled and heavy, hanging onto the long back porch, which my grandfather called the piazza.

It would be a relief for the family to have him spend a while in Kentucky. A relief from prescriptions that could be exchanged at the drugstore for a squeaky box of white tablets for which one always had to squint, jiggle the light, and get on hands and knees to look under the wardrobe. A relief from the sudden discoveries that there were none left, that Dr. Johnston and the druggist would have to be aroused

no matter what. A relief from searching at night for someone too sleepy to remember to come home. And Kentucky could cure it all. For weeks or months I had known that Kentucky had been decided upon as the only thing left. If they would only tell him where he was being taken! But they knew he would refuse.

I heard people walking around in my grandfather's room. He would be ready soon.

I remembered trying once by myself to ease the pain of it all. Sally and I were skinning-the-cat on the black iron poles that kept people from walking on her father's church lawn. We were hanging by our knees upside down, having stopped to view the depth of the sky through the magnolia leaves. We hung there turning red in our faces, feeling the earth close over the tops of our heads. Suddenly I found myself desperately wanting to share my secret, forgetting for the moment that it belonged also to others. I heard myself uncertainly, shouting to Sally, "I know what my grandpa takes..." I stopped. I bent my head back and watched an ant crawl to the tip of a grass blade.

Then that night, long after I had stopped playing upside down, my grandfather pretended that he had had something for me and that surely he must have lost it. He stood in front of me, taking great pains to turn his pockets wrong side out, to show me the emptiness and the rubber bands. But there was one pocket way off somewhere that he had forgotten. And could I believe it and how in the world could *that* have happened, but it was bulging with a brown bag, which in turn was bulging with silver bells from the candy kitchen.

I took the candy and frowned slightly, remembering the secret I had almost shared. My grandfather had seen the frown in spite of its being short-lived. Then he sat with me over close to the stove. He had peeled for me an apple, big and mellow enough for the juice to run down the little blade of his pocket knife and drip from his wrist into the coal bucket, where the peelings lay curled like wood shavings.

And that night while my outing pajamas were being buttoned, I said, "Grandma, do you know what I did today?" Then I told her about Sally and the iron bars and what I had almost said. My grandmother kept on buttoning my pajamas, and I kept looking at her face, watching her lips get tight and thin. Suddenly she hugged me to her, holding me close enough to feel my heart, and told me carefully that I must not think about things like that. Her voice made my mouth pucker and my eyes blink.

"No'm, I won't any more."

She tucked me in more carefully than usual and kissed me once more than I had expected.

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Reviews

Losses: Randall Jarrell

Reviewed by Marjean Perry

FIRST of all it is necessary to make some comment on the attitude taken by many reviewers of Mr. Jarrell's work. As good an example as any for my purpose is the following statement made by W. T. Scott in his review of an earlier book: "What gives it emotion—a really highly charged emotional impact—is cold hatred." It is the extreme in comment which I find objectionable and which seems to indicate to me only a partial understanding of what Mr. Jarrell is really doing in his poems. A distinction must be made between allied and often exaggerated or illogical emotions felt by the reader, and the expressed emotions of the poet himself. One feels too often that a critic has used the actual book only as a jumping off point, or that in an attempt to define and clarify he has lost sight, to some extent, of what he was originally trying to say. To state that cold hatred is the principal emotion therefore seems somewhat ridiculous to me. The poems are not so hard; there is a great deal more delicacy of understanding, sympathy—for the people written about, even for the circumstances which make the world they live in pathetic and tragic and anonymous. It is the love, more particularly the identification with (which constitutes the real base of sympathetic emotion) that allows the poet to probe into the elements of the situation.

The poems in *Losses* can be divided into two groups: war poems, non-war poems. It is interesting and significant to note, however, that there is no real division between them. We are in the habit of considering the constitution of war as a far more intense, more demanding environment. That is true but it is not divorced from the circumstances of so-called civilian life. The underlying conditions are basically the same—and this point appears more tangible when such non-war poems as "Lady Bates" and "Money" are compared to those such as "A Camp in the Prussian Forest" or "Eighth Air Force" or "The Lines."

On one level "A Camp in the Prussian Forest" presents a selection of detail, of fact, that is startling, that has all the marks of horror and shock of the news reports that came to our attention during the war—but, when it is summed up as one poem there is the wall of restraint between the poet and reader, there is an over-all sense of plannedness, of acceptance of something that is in full activity (activity that once started cannot be stopped if only because of the law of inertia). In this sort of situation there is the one man (not individualized but representative of all other men in the same position) for whom the demands made of him are inadequate and he becomes as dissatisfied as Faust, cannot find any fulfillment of his own nature. The frustration of the man seems to take the spotlight but it is thrown against a dual

background: the background of the innocent, actually disinterested non-human nature which is used because of these very qualities and which is personalized on the side of sympathetic reaction for the unfulfilled man; the other background is more an element that must be taken into consideration by the reader himself—the realization that the spotlighted figure is backed only by a mass of people who, paradoxically enough, are in his same situation but who are controlling him, who are rulers and subjects. (It is the belief of man in activity which backs the whole structure of the war-activity.)

That which I have stated above works generally for the war poems, not just for the poem I cited as an example. The first background of the two is easy to illustrate: for example, in "A Camp in the Prussian Forest" the following will show what I mean—"The boughs sigh, mile on green, calm, breathing mile . . ." or, "The living leaf/ Clings to the planted profitable/ Pine if it is able . . ." The second of the backgrounds is most easily shown in "The Lines." Particular phrases cannot be quoted just because no one line contains exactly what I mean, but the whole structure of the "story" of the poem will illustrate it. Just because of the poem's sense of anonymity, and despite the fact that it sympathizes more particularly with the men who constitute the main mass of the armed forces, the force as a *whole* is inherent in it. The men live in anonymity because their life is anonymous and mechanical in itself.

In the non-war poems there is the same relationship between the main figure and background. In "Lady Bates" the sympathy of the reader is concentrated on her; the natural background of the country where she lives is sympathetic towards her and is coordinated emotionally with her; and, there is again the paradoxical background of a system that controls her, can destroy her, but which is only stabbing at itself in the process. "Money" is merely another angle from which the structure of the poem is defined. This instance is unique because the main figure is actually part of the controlling group, from the "uppercrust." The fact that it is so merely emphasizes my point the more. Whereas the main figure seems to have found his own success, one feels just a little uneasy as to the *kind* of success he really has gained, and a little uneasy as to *how*.

The explanations that I have made so far are only general in character. They serve merely to set the stage for the poems themselves, to outline a basic structure around which the book is built. I wanted to point out that the book has an effect as one whole, solid piece.

One of the most notable points is that of the hypnotic effect. Most distinctly it is used in the closing lines of "Lady Bates"—"Reach, move your hand a little, try to move—/ You can't move, can you?/

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A Long Fourth: Peter Taylor

Reviewed by Winifred Rodgers
and Nancy Shepherd

*It is incredible how long people can be dead
while their voices and even the moles on their
neck are remembered by someone.*

THROUGHOUT Peter Taylor's volume, *A Long Fourth*, people who have died and the old way of life play almost as important a part in the stories as the living and the newer ways. Stories like these, because they are vitally concerned with time and change, are necessarily weighted with the past, a past which is actually a part of the present. Mr. Taylor, with a keen feeling for change and the passage of time, has woven the two together until, as in reality, they are one. Even the children in his stories are conscious of these elements as an integral part of their lives; and, like the children in Katherine Anne Porter's *Old Mortality*, "They have lived not only their own years; but their memories it seemed to them, began years before they were born, in the lives of the grown-ups around them..." There is a double sense of time in the stories. These people, with their deep-rooted knowledge of the past, are constantly comparing their own lives with the lives of others of the preceding generations. In "Rain in the Heart" the World War II soldier, comparing himself with the Confederate sergeant, says, "The sergeant is I, but it is not that morning in September of sixty-three when the Federal dead were lying so thick on the ground." There is a peculiar time-sense achieved in "Skyline." This story, told in a flat tone and in the present tense, slips by like the passage of days and covers such a large amount of time and change that finally, when there are references back to the first, the incidents referred to seem far-away like something that happened in one's childhood.

Family life is the nucleus of these stories. The family in the changing South clings to its family ties in the same way that the monasteries of the dark ages clung to their carefully preserved scrolls. It is a shield against outside influences in "these latter days when the morals and manners of the country have been corrupted." It seems to take on even an added importance because it is the only old and familiar thing left in the new and changing world. Like a cult, it has its specialized language and its intricacies which can be cut on and off to isolate it from the rest of the world. With a twist of the conversation to a listing of family connections, Harriet and her daughters in "A Long Fourth" shut out Ann, the northern influenced girl Son has brought home. Ann could never become an intimate part of the closely knit family group in which Son and *Sweetheart* play such an important part. The sergeant in "Rain in the Heart" finds escape from the army camp in his wife and their small apartment, but even there he is tormented by the knowledge of "the terrible unrelated diversity of things." But the family, itself subject to change, is unable to provide a complete escape for the individual. In "The Scoutmaster," Uncle Jake finally realizes that change must seep even into his own family. There is, however, one character in the book who has severed family ties. The London aunt in "Allegiance" became independent of her family and quit her country to discover a "unique sort of power and truth."

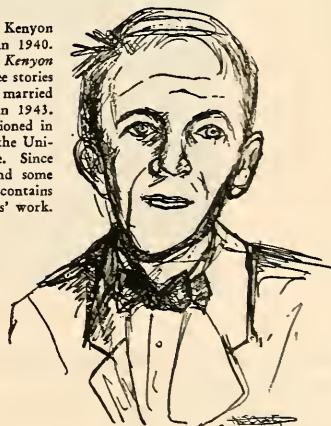
The characters in these stories will be long remembered—Josie, the "fancy woman," who set out to prove that the society women of Memphis were no better than she; Harriet, who resented the "open comparison of Son's departure [to the war] to that of the sullen, stinking, thieving, fornicating black BT"; and the spinster who dreamed she "was a little

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PETER TAYLOR attended Vanderbilt College and Kenyon College and received his A.B. degree from Kenyon in 1940. His first published work was a poem appearing in the *Kenyon Review* the spring of his graduation, followed by three stories in *The Southern Review* the following year. He married Eleanor Ross, a former Woman's College student, in 1943. During the war he served in the army and was stationed in England. Now teaching at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, he also finds time to write. Since the war he has written two plays, a novelette, and some stories. His volume of short stories, *A Long Fourth*, contains seven short stories representing a period of ten years' work.

RANDALL JARRELL has lived in Texas, Tennessee, and California most all of his life. Like Peter Taylor and Robert Lowell, he studied at Kenyon College under John Crowe Ransom. During the war he was a CNT operator at a field training B-29 crews. At present he and his wife teach at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina. Next year he plans to give up his classes and devote all his time to writing. Mr. Jarrell is winner of a Guggenheim Fellowship and is poetry editor of *The Nation*. *Losses* is his third volume of poetry to be published, the previous ones being *Blood for a Stranger* and *Little Friend, Little Friend*.



Uncle Mel

By WINIFRED RODGERS

THE entry door swung open wide and then closed with a bang that shook dust from its loose screen. Bet stepped down five of the stone steps and, then, holding up the back of her skirt, she sat on the fourth step, spread out her dress on each side of her, and waited. Every afternoon on the fourth step, with her starched dress spread out, and with a ribbon in her hair, she waited for Uncle Mel. The air was hot, still, but a little breeze stirred the red dust beside the dog house and disturbed the feathers of an old hen scratching there. Past the barn and down by the creek, she saw Dan'l still playing with his water mill. He had got mad this afternoon when she had left him and come to the house to wash and dress. He always got mad when she left him. Dan'l was all right for when she woke up in the mornings and the sun shone bright on the little ripples in the creek and she wanted to play water mill, but when the sun shone sideways and the wind chased a little ripple downstream, then she wanted to come back to the house and get in the tin tub and wash and dress up for Uncle Mel. When Dan'l heard Uncle Mel's car come over the bridge and up the hill, he would rush up from the creek and get to see him just as much as she; but somehow she liked waiting for him to come. That part was the best of all—unless of course getting ready. Grandma always let her choose which dress to wear and which ribbon to go with it, and twice she had let her put bath oil that she got for Christmas in the water. Dan'l said it smelled funny, but Uncle Mel said it smelt clean, like cedar trees. Uncle Mel used lilac water on his curly blond hair and drove his car fast over the hills and went out with girls.

In the kitchen she heard Grandma and Ruth, the cook, talking while they fixed supper. She smoothed

went up and down her back. Dan'l liked lime and lemon, but she always asked for grape. Once he had talked her into getting a root beer. Root beer—it sounded so wicked—but it hadn't tasted wicked, and she had been sorry all afternoon. Grandma always made them save the suckers till after supper. She'd put hers in her dress pocket and hold tight to it while she ate her batterbread and meat; and then, when Grandma let them leave the table, they would each get a glass of water and go out on the entry steps to eat their suckers, dipping them in the glass and then licking them. It would begin to get dark and the katydids would start singing and Dan'l would think about playing kick the can; so while he yelled for Joe and Morris, the little niggers, she would finish her sucker and drink the rest of the water. In a little while Uncle Mel would come out to get his car from the garage. She would run to kiss him goodnight and ask him who he was going to see. He'd grin and wink at her and tell her she was his best gal.

Bet looked up. Someone not far away was singing "When I Grow Too Old To Dream." It was Elvina coming across the orchard swinging a water bucket and walking lazy like she just had dinner and had a long time to fix supper. She had on an evening dress. Bet didn't know you could wear one this early in the afternoon. Elvina was Ruth's girl and lived down the road about a mile. Every morning and every afternoon she came up to the house for water. When she saw Bet sitting on the steps, she grinned so her teeth showed all around.

"What'cha got on?" Bet asked.

"What do it look lak?" Elvina giggled as she pulled at the side of the dress where it didn't hang right. It was thin looking and had big yellow flowers on it. Underneath she had on a short slip and below that her brown legs showed through.

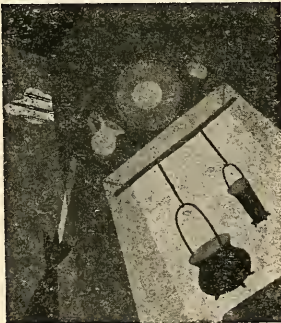
"Is it an evening dress?" Bet asked admiringly.

Elvina giggled and nodded. While Elvina pumped her water, Bet looked a long time at the dress. Maybe someday she would wear an evening dress and surprise Uncle Mel when he came home from work.

She watched Elvina walk home swinging her bucket wide to keep from getting the dress wet. When she crossed the old orchard fence that was broken down, she picked the dress up high and then let it down as she rounded the bend toward her house.

There was a car horn down by the bridge. Bet straightened the yellow ribbon in the side of her hair and brushed a speck of dust off her white sandals. Dan'l heard the horn too and came running from the creek. "Oh, if he'll only get here quick so I can hug him before Dan'l jumps on his back and gets red dust from his feet all over his coat," she thought. The car came around the bend and flew up the side road to

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Arlene Batchker

her dress out and hoped that Grandma wouldn't call her in for anything.

"Wonder if he will bring suckers," she thought, and when she thought of grape suckers cold chills

De Apple Dumplin'

Take dat pail over dare—
Dare's yo hat 'neath dat chair—
Den go ask Miss Oma Lee,
Iffen you kin git some apples from under her tree.

Git de kind dat's green,
And be shore'n look keen,
And don't git stung by no bee;
'Case ah'se too busy to look after you, see.

Hurry 'n' hustle on back.
Don't stop to play in dat track.
Iffen you come back here dusty,
You gonna git a good hidin' from me.

Git goin' 'n' git back soon's you can.
Ah jest gotta git dat dumplin' in a pan.
Lawd, dat chil'll be de death of me.
How he kin be so lazy ah shore don't see.

Whar've you been gone so long?
Thought shore somethin' wuz wrong.
What dat you say 'bout Miss Oma Lee?
Lawd, chile, why didn't you tell 'er I done busy as
could be?

Go git me some mo' wood.
Shore, iffen you is good
You kin have de biggest one dare be;
Whar you put so much t'eat ah shore don't see.

Whar you done gone to now?
Can't keep up with him nohow.
Whar you reckon dat boy could be?
He shore do run de life outa me.

What dat you say, "Wig"?
Well, you needn't talk so big.
Jest 'case de t'eat ain't ready,
Don't mean you gonna holler at me.

What wuz dat you say to me, man?
Hush up! Wanta git hit with dis pan?
Don't you roll dem eyes at me;
Better be seein' whar dat boy of yourn be.

Hurry up 'n' look whar ah ain't looked,
Iffen you want any dis t'eat ah'se cooked.
'Case don't nobody wait fer me
And ah ain't waitin' fer nobody, see?

Dis apple dumplin' shore taste good,
Jest like ah knowed all time it would.
"Wig," you is de best man dare be.
Iffen a body's gotta perfect family, it shore am me.

JULIA MOORE

The Broken Pair

By ANN FORBES

THE old man sat on the wet seawall, swinging one leg like a little child. His peacoat had gathered a glistening fuzz of fine, cold rain and his knitted cap had the same soft fuzz in its ribs and rills of navy blue. His hands were bare and red with cold and rough with wear; still and limp, he held them, folded palm-up in his lap. He sat in the misty spraying rain and stared at the waves that flopped on the beach, laden with blackened seaweed and oil, moving slowly in and out, ebb and flow and over and under.

He shivered and shrugged against the cold and moved one hand to rub the stump of his weather-prophet, cut-off leg and his sorrow grew inside his chest till it swelled from his eyes in great slow tears. His old shipmate had never seen such tears, in the days of the whaling or afterwards. When the sea was rough they had roared and cussed and swigged good ale and climbed the rigging to reef the sails against the storm; in the shore days, too, they had roared and cussed and drunk their ale and told tall tales to the loafing men in the wharfside inns—of Leviathan and the bold, hard men who had hunted him. Never a tear from the old seamen, but a laugh and a swear and a drink and a tale.

But his mate was dead and this was his grief. There was no one left who would understand the leap of a whaleman's heart at the cry "Thar she blows!" from the lookout on top the mast; or the thrill of the chase in the swift-rowed boats or the song of the line as the harpoon flew; or the lonely wait on a wild black sea, with a lamp strung high on an upright oar to guide the ship to her wandering men. He could tell them all of the whaling days but it wouldn't do. One half was gone, the sharing half, and without his mate the tales weren't true and the days weren't real that were long outrun by the modern times.

They had asked him to tell how he came to wear a whalebone stick for a half a leg; but the story stuck—the gusty laugh and the "Well, me lads..." that began the tale were blocked by the thought that his mate was gone and that all the rest didn't know the sea as

these two had, or the peril of chasing the plunging whale. They wouldn't believe him or understand that a whale could bite a man's leg from his thigh. His mate had known—he had been there, too, and the tales were told for the others' ears and those who heard could believe at will, for these two knew. But the glory was gone when he stood alone, representing the past to the presentday.

He squinted and blinked till the tears were gone and swept his gaze across the harbor and all her ships. Not a single mast, not a single sail was on those ships. Then, moving slowly on the pale, flat water, seen as a blur in the misty light, came a masted ship with listless sails, sliding into clearer view, sailing toward the river-mouth. The old man strained toward the quiet ship that so blended with sky and sea that it seemed to hover between the two. Was it really there, so quiet, so indistinctly seen? It was small, just the size of excursion boats, which were frequently seen in the harbor. He knew her build, though, the set of her sails—a whaling ship sure, like the ones he had known!

"Hoy!" he cried, flinging out his arm, "are your barrels full? Have you had much luck?"

The ship kept silently on its ghostly course between sea and sky.

"Have you seen the whales? Have you got much oil? Ahoy, I say!"

The old man burst into smiles and laughs as he hailed the slowly passing ship.

"Our hold is full, every barrel sealed!" he shouted again. "We're sailing for home! Avast there, mate—come write the log. 'Spoke the vessel *Whaler* and turned the helm for home!'"

The old man sat on the wet seawall as the excursion boat passed out of the bay; still and silent, he sat and stared at the small, slick waves that lapped the beach. The sorrow that lived in his chest swelled higher and tears ran down his cheeks and fell from his face to his big, hard hands that clenched into fists in his lap.



Barbara Wagoner

Watching a Murder Trial

The daily waited paper sat upon the desk
With YOUTH HELD FOR MURDER
Stamped across its factual front,
While she bending the gold rims
Read slowly and tucked it away
Each morning before the children came.

One morning they did not say their names
For the Teacher had pinned the old black hat
Dropped her notes of dates and happenings
And crowded into the court's third row.

She looked at the jury, the one to judge
And all the people there, but one
And when they led him in
She took out the square-pressed hankie
And wiped across her lenses twice.

Is that my little pupil who squirms
Between the chairs of freedom and forget?
His shoes are larger, but still he wears no tie
And his calloused feet dangle
As I have watched them years before,
Still they do not seem to touch the floor.
Half the days I saw him wiggle
And with his lively puppy look
Scuff back at all the paper balls and knocks,
The other half he spent in play.

That puppy drowned, but left its last
Life's struggle carved upon his bearded face.
The eyes look sore, but more from smoke
Than guilt, they ask him to betray
That which he only thought he stood for,
And he is granted permission to smoke.
He answers faster than he did in school
But they mark the answers wrong—all wrong,
Like the time he did his homework
with my new and lifetime pen,
I had to tap him hardly on the hand;
Still he stood and put it in his pocket.

They have gone, all twelve, and left him
To his lawyers, who stand by him
And wait, between their cigarettes—
His slim arms reach out and clasp each other.

The Judge does not know how to whisper
To his young and hollow ears,
So he shouts, and tells him he must die,
His head is frozen and his cold eyes glare
As the handcuffs snap him to the chair.

He will do as he was told,
The priest, the shave, the formal prayer—
He looks about with one last stare
At no one,

I really doubt if he knew that I was there.

BOBBIE WESTMORELAND

Mr. B—

He has ticked
In tune with all the other clocks
Along the covered mantle,
And he has seen the pinned flies
And has been seared by
The soaring fireplace flames—
He has ticked his time
Not in rondos, jigs, and rounds
But in pious preludes—
And all the hours
He has watched the sitting one
Great Grandfather clock of all—
Wept his tears; and cried his laughter
But now the mantle is rotting
And dirt has covered all the ticks
Long ago,
And the flies have fallen apart
Into the shining flames—

BARBARA C. WESTMORELAND



Mary Creedy

So Far, So What

By BETTY TOWNSEND

AS I am now turning into the last lap of my junior year, which is approximately in step with the class of jibbering idiot I am also turning into, I feel I should try to summarize just exactly what I've gotten out of college and see if it is practical for me to come back next year. Is it possible that I can learn anything else by two more semesters, or do I already know everything? Truthfully, I find it hard to detect any great difference between the Juniors and Seniors unless it is that the latter are usually more nervous than the former and, on the whole, I suppose there are more suicides in the Senior class. But generally speaking, what does the Senior leave with that she couldn't have had more of if she'd quit her Junior year?¹ Besides that, the more knowledge you have, the less happy you are about life in general and college life in particular.² Anyhow, if I come back, it will mean going to summer school in order to pick up enough credits to switch my major from English to something which doesn't end up with a coordinating course, which I certainly was not warned of previously or, obviously, wouldn't be worrying about now. But this is something I can work out if given enough time.³ The main thing that I must consider, though, is manipulating the path between Winfield and the dining hall now that I am going blind and my peg leg has smoothed off on the end. But I digress.

FRESHMAN YEAR. What did I accomplish and if I did accomplish anything, how did I manage to do it when all the time I was being watched over and preyed upon by something worse than Mother ever was. Well, let me see . . . Biology comes first to what is left of my mind. Here, through a series of revolting pictures, I learned some of life's most important inner workings, not that I ever thought it mattered why a worm squirms instead of leaping like a frog; but now that I am a Junior I must recognize my full potentialities and should I ever appear on the Chicago Round Table, this information might well come in handy.⁴ Also I must admit that my knowledge as concerns the microscope has proved its full worth, for due to my present physical standing, I would not be able to read without it. Another subject, built mainly around revolting diagrams, is Health. And what did I learn here? Namely this . . . if you manage to make good your escape from all the horrid diseases of human beings, and also college professors, are susceptible to, you have a fifty-fifty chance of reach-

ing senility. Then, too, had I not taken Health, I might well have gotten married.⁵ Besides the sordid subjects, though, as a freshman I also took History, Spanish, English, and Gym. What did I get out of these?⁶ Well, first, I learned in History to control my inner emotions by forcing myself not to faint when called upon to recite. All in all, the course was very stimulating, though, and thanks to a little work, thrown in with taking dope, I passed it. Also, due to History, I can now walk on my hands backwards into the library and without looking, point with my good foot to *Flick and Bowden* or any other book pertaining to anything concerning the past.⁷ Spanish was where I really learned things, and especially when I quit reading the translations and got into the real dirt! When I think that I used to brag about how quickly I picked up Pig-Latin! Why, when I was six . . . but I digress again and also I forget five hours, namely Gym and English, neither of which I mention from choice but rather for the benefit of any faculty members who might be adding up the credits here mentioned. Actually, the less said about my posture and how it was corrected, the better. I may look better now, but when I consider the chances I'll have in this world with all my good looks, against those I would have had being able to walk, I wish my posture had never been tampered with in the first place. And as for English, thanks to Chaucer, Shakespeare, and other minor writers, I now boast such a remarkable vocabulary that even I don't know what I'm talking about half the time. Why, when I think about what I was before coming to college, I marvel that my parents even had the patience to feed me, much less the courage to claim me as their child.

As concerns outside activities freshman year, Oh! I learned a great deal! First of all, I eliminated a desire I had once had to live a life of ease by being a waitress. It was only after bitter experience in the dining hall that I saw the full significance and importance of adding the fourteenth amendment to our great country's Constitution. Secondly, I learned never to trust men in uniform. They not only have a girl in every port, but have three in every college dorm. Thirdly, due to the rather absurd hours and regulations with which freshman bathtubs are guarded, I learned to bathe myself in a glass of cold water. I could go on with fourthly and fifthly but it would be useless. I could never list all those things I learned freshman year and, besides that, I have been trying to erase most of them from my memory; and anyhow, the last place they should be put is in print.

¹Such as good health and a sunny disposition.

²I never used to fight with my parents until I went away to college, but now that I know so much more than they do, I cannot help but become irritated at their primitiveness.

³Say, twenty years.

⁴Although they say that north of the Mason-Dixon line, worms do leap and frogs are not looked upon as frogs at all but rather as underprivileged web-footed children.

⁵If it is true that the more educated a woman is, the less likely she is to get married—surely by being educated, they mean taking Health.

⁶Why did I get in them in the first place?

⁷Because this is the atomic age, the faculty has been ordered not to mention anything concerning the future.

SOPHOMORE YEAR. The prospect of that year did not put the same lump of enthusiasm in my throat which I had had as a freshman. As a matter of fact, due to a rather trying summer at Chapel Hill, I did not get out of the hospital until well into the end of October. As if it wasn't bad enough to come back in a weakened physical and mental state, I had been registered by a girl who hadn't been able to get me a very satisfactory schedule and this left me even more discouraged.⁸ Of course, I was looking forward to not going into the science building, but somehow that wasn't enough. I wasn't even satisfied knowing I could take a bath any time I wanted one. No, I sought bigger and better things. Chapel Hill had done something to me . . . I was no longer a normal person . . . I was maladjusted.⁹ I wanted social life or something equally absurd. Anyhow, I couldn't have it, so I soon began living in a little world of my own not too far removed from the same little world DeQuincy once shared with Coleridge.¹⁰ Living in this world of my own even got to the point where I didn't care about the way people were always pointing at me, and had it not been for the fact that my inferiority complex turned into a blue rash which broke out all over me, I wouldn't have . . . but I digress, for I am trying to see what I've gotten out of college and not what I've caught in college. My subjects that year were similar to those of freshman year except Psychology which, as any fool knows, is not similar to anything. Take this "drive" business. We have a sex drive, a hunger drive, a thirst drive, a maternal drive, and so on. Now these rate one another in importance and the object of Psychology is to prove, by use of rats, just how like rats we humans actually are.¹¹ For example, if I were set adrift on a raft with Tyrone Power and a baby, first I would turn to Tyrone for help and if he couldn't do anything, I'd feed him to the baby, then eventually eat the baby myself and finally die of thirst, the most important drive.¹² Another alarming thing I learned in Psychology was that, had my parents adopted a baby Orang-outang on the same day I was born, in all likelihood, of the two of us, they would have favored the Orang-outang until we reached the age of four when I would have begun to show signs of someday being the more capable.¹³ Other useful information

⁸ 6 eight o'clocks, 3 two o'clocks, 5 four o'clocks, and 1 twelve o'clock on Saturday.

⁹ This was also true my Freshman year but I didn't know it as it wasn't until my Sophomore year that I took Psychology.

¹⁰ This was a throw-back shock from living at Chapel Hill and hanging around with too many atomic fraternity men.

¹¹ Biologists say that physically we resemble the frog, while psychologists say that mentally we are akin to the rat. This very important theory has been proved by the now famous Dr. Charles Gibson, whose brilliant paper, *Of Cabages and Queens*, appeared in the January issue of the *Carolina Mag.* If you are interested in obtaining a copy, see your nearest gutter.

¹² This whole idea of being set adrift is just a preposterous example, of course. Especially the part about Tyrone Power.

¹³ Psychology is a dangerous subject to deal with when you don't know what you're doing. This same Orang-outang-Child experiment was once tried by two parents who soon became so convinced of the Orang-outang's superiority that they gave their own child back to the zoo and kept the Orang-outang. Everything went well up to her Junior year in college when she took a weekend at Chapel Hill. That weekend, due to unfortunate circumstances, she was forced to climb a tree in the arboretum from which she has never descended.

picked up in Psychology was how a lie detector works (which enables the college graduate to go through life committing perfect crimes without ever getting caught) and how not to judge people on their looks. Just because a person has four eyes and two noses doesn't mean she's ignorant. She may have two heads and be twice as brainy as you are, or she may have simply had a run in with the infirmary.

As to sophomore year's outside activities, first I learned not to trust civilians either.¹⁴ Also I learned that sleep isn't any more necessary than good food. These are things worth knowing, so I guess I'll have to admit that come June, I found the year wasn't completely wasted away, even if I was.

JUNIOR YEAR. This year I returned to Woman's College feeling as I never had before.¹⁵ Strangely enough, I faced the prospect of my Junior year in a state of impassiveness. I hadn't wanted to return to W. C., but the summer proved that I had already had too much of college to fit into the outside world. Well, they told me I had to pick a major, so having no interest in anything, I took English not knowing, as I said before, about the coördinating. Besides my English classes, I took Art, French, and Philosophy first semester and am taking Art, French, and Basket-weaving this semester. That first semester art course was certainly informative. Modern art isn't trash. It is an expression of us and *we're* trash only nobody but painters will admit this.¹⁶ As for French, some of it is okay, but I still prefer the marked passages in my Spanish novels. Philosophy I took for two reasons. First, because I figured I would be bound to get an A in some subject where any man's guess is as good as another's, and, secondly, if I resemble a frog physically and a rat mentally, I wanted to know how I stood spiritually. Neither of these two reasons proved of any worth, but philosophically speaking, how can one prove the value of worth when the value of proof isn't a true value when you consider the full worth of proof?¹⁷ I'll never forget how seriously this course affected my roommate, though. She quit believing in the stork and started telling little children that they sprang from the ground. We almost split up about that and also over her calling me an artisan. I still don't believe she's made out of gold and I certainly don't think my skin resembles anything akin to brass. And furthermore, money does not strike me as a subject pertaining to lust and avarice. At any rate, I'll never forget the night she tried to convince me that we didn't even exist . . . that we weren't all there! That night we didn't get into our beds. The beds weren't really there. What we got into were two

(Continued on Page 18)

¹⁴ What with the war's end, it became extremely difficult to distinguish the true gentlemen from those men who had served in the Air Corps. Idiots, Communists, and Carolina men, of course, retained their same singular appearance.

¹⁵ Might well have been due to slashing my wrists the night before in a childish attempt to commit suicide.

¹⁶ I might add here that although Atomic theorists claim we are not trash today, they say we will be shortly.

¹⁷ Or in the immortal words of Stephen Foster, "Do Dah."

A Bus Ride

By BLANCHE PARROTT

THE box of candy slid onto the floor. Joe picked it up as they hit another bump. The mud sloshed around the wheels and the bus groaned forward.

Just beyond the "Detour" sign the convicts were working, chopping at the bad pavement as if they had plenty of time. A young guard sat on the ditchbank, his rifle held between his legs while he rolled a cigarette. He licked along the edge of the white paper, smoothed it, and stuck it in his mouth. Then he pulled at the strings of the small white sack and put it in the pocket of his jacket. Beyond him on the ditchbank a fire burned in a big tin barrel, sending up gusts of black smoke. A big blond fellow took a drink of water from a dipper and threw what was left into the ditch. With another bump the bus was back on the highway and they were behind him, out of sight.

Lillian's brother had been on the road once. She'd told him about that right after they got serious. He could tell that it was hard for her to do but she said, "Dan's got a good job in a shirt factory now, but he won't keep it—ain't got ambition, that's all." Joe had wanted to tell her about one of his folks who had gone wrong so that she might feel better, but he hadn't.

The snow had almost melted and now there were only scattered splotches of white in the fields. He made a pretense of looking at the advertisements on the tobacco barns, but they went by too quickly, and he was really thinking about how Lillian would be with him on his way back home Friday.

Joe looked over at the candy in the empty seat beside him. He'd bought it for Lillian when he changed buses in Raleigh. It was on the counter big and red and wrapped in cellophane. She would like it, he knew. She'd like the house too. Just before he'd left, he and Sam had wallpapered the four rooms. Most of the small houses around there had only narrow plank walls painted white. Yes, Lillian would like the house.

The bus went between two steep banks of clay, red and sticky with the melting snow. It reminded him of the snow last year when he met her, snow that hung on around the roots of trees or by the corners of the barracks long after the rest had gone. It was lonesome snow. And this would be the same, exactly as that had been twelve months ago when he had thumbed a ride with a truck driver just outside camp.

The driver was a nice guy, but he didn't talk much. Joe was glad of that. He sat on the stiff leather seat and leaned his head against the cold steel. He could hear the singing of the tires on the pavement beneath.

When he awoke, the cab was cold. He could hear the heater running, but it did no good.

"Looks as if we'll have to stop and get a hot cup of joe, soldier. How did ya go to sleep in this damned truck? Keep the heater running just for company—Don't work. I says to Claude the other week that if he didn't fix this damned red truck, I wouldn't drive another damned mile in it. Can't get nothing done nowadays."

"Yeah—coffee'll be swell! Guess I must 'a' been pretty sleepy."

Just outside of Ridgeland the driver pulled off beside some other trucks parked near a small white cafe. The neon sign on top blinked out "The White Owl." Inside the men were drinking beer in the booths and eating plates of hot stew.

After he had pulled off his gloves and thrown them on the table, he went over to the juke box. He stood in front of the machine for a minute watching the red and green lights. Then he put in three nickels, and each time it made a deep sound. As he walked back to his seat it started playing "Peg o' My Heart."

A girl in a white uniform splotted with ketchup came over to take their orders. She had brown eyes and looked like a pretty young kid. Under the bright light he could see the ends of her hair, split and broken by a permanent. He liked her. After she brought the seconds on coffee he spoke. "Sure is getting cold outside. Don't look as if the snow will ever melt."

"Uh-huh. Almost froze to death coming to work this afternoon."

He talked to her about the weather while the truck driver went on eating, making sounds.

On his way back to camp he stopped by to see her. It was Monday and the cafe closed at 4, so he took her to the movies. They laughed at the comedy, and when he took her home he kissed her good-night. She lived next door to a quick lunch place whose trade came from the shirt factory a block away. Before he left, she gave him a picture of herself which he put in his wallet. It had "Try Me Studios" on the back and the number X1324.

Back at camp he showed the picture to Schrumberger who had the cot next to him. Schrumberger said he was glad Joe had a steady girl. That night when Ferguson started passing around the pictures in his wallet, Joe took out the picture of Lillian and added it to the collection. Davis got out some pictures he'd ordered from a New York company, and Joe put Lillian's back in his wallet. That made the fellows laugh, but it didn't seem quite decent, letting Lillian's picture be passed around with those of Davis.

The bus came into the city limits of Burlington.

He liked to think about being married to Lillian. Just being with her made everything different.

It was getting dark when the bus stopped in front of the station, and there was a crowd of people waiting to get on. They stood there in the half-light turning expectant faces toward the bus. Some shifted from one foot to another as if they didn't have the patience to wait for the line of white people and Negroes to unload.

The bus began filling up again. A girl in a blue coat and hat sat beside Joe. Pulling off her coat, she folded it across her lap. It touched his knees, but he didn't move.

When the seats were all taken the people stood in the aisle, and the Negroes had to squeeze past them on their way to the back. The girl put her head against the back of the seat and closed her eyes.

Outside of town Joe watched the light of the farm houses and saw cars being filled with gas at service stations. It was really dark outside now, and he imagined himself and Lillian on a boat. There was a fog, and she was frightened and half crying while he guided it safely to a little, dark cove.

"Is the candy for your girl friend?"

Joe turned from the window and looked at the girl. She was holding a gold cigarette case toward him.

"No, thank you. I have some here, I think." He reached in his pocket and took out a crumpled pack. She snapped the case shut and held a cigarette until he could get the matches out and light it for her. Then he lit his own, pulled back the sliding window, and threw the match into the dark.

"Yes, that's for my girl in Ridgeland. I saw it when I changed buses in Raleigh."

"Oh, do you live in Ridgeland?"

"No, I'm from just outside of Snow Hill, but I had to go through Ridgeland on my way home when I was in the army."

"When did you get out of the service?"

"Just a week ago."

"You're making a mighty quick trip back, aren't you?"

Joe felt proud to tell the girl about himself and Lillian.

"Yes; we're going to get married and then she's coming back with me Friday."

"That's grand. Then what are you going to do?"

Joe laughed. "Farm and raise children, I guess."

"So you're a farmer?"

"Uh-huh. What do you do?"

"Do you ever notice the pictures in *Good Housekeeping* or *Ladies Home Journal*? Well, I'm an illustrator for magazines like that."

"Where do you work?"

"I've been staying with an aunt in Burlington for the past two months, sending in my work; but in a few weeks I'll be back in New York sharing an apartment with a friend. She works for *Life*."

"Oh."

They talked for a long time in the darkness of the bus, the noise of the motor covering their voices and making them seem alone. He talked about going to Italy. She talked about going to college. She recited

some poetry she'd written herself, something about the coldness of the night, and he liked it. He didn't feel like himself, but he liked that too.

In an hour they were at the station where he was to change for Ridgeland. She stood up to let him out and the light fell on her dress. It was soft and grey.

A colored woman tried to squeeze by and they both had to step out of the aisle together. Then the girl slipped back into the seat.

Joe got his suitcase from the overhead rack and knew he should say goodbye, but he wanted to say something else.

"I hope you'll have lots of luck in New York."

"Thank you. I hope you'll have lots of luck on the farm."

She seemed to be laughing at him for something she knew which he didn't. He didn't like it at all. After getting off, he stood on the platform until she looked out at him with the same look. He turned away.

He heard the bus leave as he went inside to ask about the connections to Ridgeland. It was only after he got to the ticket window that he realized he had left the candy on the bus—the red box of candy that was for Lillian.

So Far, So What

(Continued from Page 16)

ideas. Unfortunately, the next day, we got a poor on the room for not having our ideas made up. Somehow I feel it is better for roommates to take the same courses, for certainly their ideas will clash if they don't and sometimes they do if they do. I guess the whole trouble is that when you get up into the 300 and 400 classes, you begin to have too much of an underlying feeling of insecurity which is instilled in you by overeducated professors who know more than God meant any man to.

As for this year's outside activities, I've left campus once and wouldn't have then had I known people were going to throw rocks at me and say all those things. I guess I shouldn't have taken along my roommate who is an exchange student from the north; but then, live and learn, or rather, just live if you can and have the desire to.

Now then, am I learning much this year? Certainly less than I did the year before and positively less than I learned as a freshman; but I guess I'm picking up a few odds and ends here and there. Anyhow, the last down payment is in, so I'll definitely finish out this year. But what about next year? Should I get that diploma or should I quit while I can still see a little out of one eye? The walking woman says, "It would please me if I never saw you again." My roommate says, "Get out while the getting's good!" My Carolina man says, "Wallace for President." George says, "When are they going to finish the new Junior Shop?" Nobody will help me. I guess I'll just have to sleep on it . . . that is, if I ever get to bed this year.

Uncle Mel

(Continued from Page 10)

the house. Uncle Mel always looked like he wanted to drive straight through the back of the garage. She held her breath for a second. Then, seeing Dan'l coming up by the barn, she lit out for the garage. Uncle Mel grabbed her, swung her round and round, kissed her forehead, told her she looked pretty, and put her down before Dan'l even got there. Dan'l screamed at him to ask if the steam shovel had worked today and how much it dug out. Uncle Mel was Bet's father's youngest brother, the only one who didn't farm. He worked in town for the Millet Construction Company and drove back and forth every day.

The three walked into the kitchen with Bet holding her uncle's hand and Dan'l on his back, screaming at him. Grandma was there. She kissed him on the cheek and said,

"How was your day in town, Mel?"

"Fine. We began working on the Morris Building."

"Was the heat bad? The boys came in at eleven, it was so hot here. Seems like this heat will dry up the corn yet."

Mel began to fix a pan of water to shave in. Bet watched him and listened to them talk. Every now and then he would say something and turn around to grin at her. She smiled back, hugging her arms tight against her. The boys, Uncle Hank and Uncle Jim, came in from the fields. They took off their sweaty blue shirts and began to wash up for dinner. Their necks were red where the shirt wasn't and white where it was. Uncle Mel wore *brown* work shirts and when he worked in the sun all summer, his skin got brown and his blond hair got blonder.

"Run on out, dear, until supper," Grandma said, but Bet stood way over against the wood box and let Grandma forget she was there. She watched her uncle shaving and wondered who he was going to see tonight. Once he dated a girl in Anton and he brought her over to dinner one Sunday. Bet had liked her and at the dinner table asked her whether she was going to marry Uncle Mel, but she had only blushed. Uncle Mel had laughed and laughed, and the way the girl looked at him Bet knew she would like to marry him—but that had been a long time ago. Now he was going with a girl with shiny black hair and a fur coat.

Uncle Mel rubbed his face on the towel, Grandma called from the kitchen window for Dan'l to come back from the creek, and Bet took Uncle Mel's hand and walked into the dining room.

~

The train left Anton at 5 o'clock and Bet began getting her bags together. The red hills with the afternoon sun shining sideways on their new spring green slipped by as they had before, but now she knew each one of them. Only five more miles to Wilton, to home, to Grandma, Dan'l, Uncle Hank and Uncle

Jim, and to Uncle Mel, *and*, she reminded herself, to Uncle Mel's wife. Ever since she was a little kid and kissed him goodnight before he went out with girls, she had known it would happen. Since her father died, he had been like a father to her, or better, an elder brother. She laughed a little to herself at her hero worship. When she graduated from high school, John Walston, who lives down the road, had wanted to dance with her in the senior figure; but she had asked Uncle Mel to. John had sent her carnations that night, and Uncle Mel had sent her red roses.

"Don't wear mine, baby," he said. "Just put them on your dresser and look at them while you're getting ready."

That night she had had the evening dress—the one she had wanted so long. When she had come into the parlor in it, Uncle Mel had taken her hand and said, "Is Miss Elizabeth ready to go?"

She didn't know why but something had made the tears start to her eyes at that; but when she had seen his brown eyes smiling at her and the way he winked, she had held her head high, and smiled, and winked too.

One day this spring she had gotten a note from Grandma saying Uncle Mel was to be married soon, and a few days later she got a telegram:

DECIDED TO GET MARRIED QUIETLY. WE ARE
VERY HAPPY. SEE YOU IN JUNE. LOVE.

DOROTHY AND MEL

He used to say, "Will you dance at my wedding, baby?" and it had seemed wonderful and far away.

Grandma wrote her the details—"...typist in the construction company office, not what you would call beautiful but very pleasant looking, and a fine girl, worker in the Methodist church, family from N. C., we believe Mel chose the right one."

With a shiver the train stopped at Wilton. From the window she saw Grandma and Uncle Jim and Dan'l. "How handsome Dan'l is getting," she thought. Her hat box slipped from her hands and fell to the floor. The man across the aisle picked it up for her and she thanked him with almost a sob. All of a sudden she couldn't get off the train fast enough and into Grandma's arms.

~

The entry door closed with a bang, and her white heels clicked as she came down—one, two, three, four, five and sat down on the fourth, not forgetting to lift up her skirt in the back. It was almost dark. Mel and Dorothy would arrive from town in a few minutes for supper. The smell of the batterbread came out the entry door and mixed with the smell of the wisteria vine. Down by the bridge she heard a car horn. She had jumped up, run up the fine stone steps, and put her hand on the entry door before she stopped. Then she smoothed her skirt and ran her finger through her hair. The car swung round the bend and its lights hit the old garage. She went back, sat on the fourth step, and waited.

The Cats

(Continued from Page 5)

dress clung in wet folds to her body, and her cheeks were smeary red. I dropped the hose and fell back on Burton, and we rolled out from the bushes. Mrs. Newet's face was livid.

"Damn you, damn you!" she shrieked, and I tried to run on my knees, terrified that she would chase us. Instead, she slammed the door. Burton was bent over double, his shoulders shaking. I still do not know whether he was laughing or crying.

Mrs. Newet called my mother on the telephone and demanded an apology. After dinner I marched over to her house and rang the bell. When she came to the door she was wearing a yellow dress and I saw that she had on more rouge.

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Newet," I said as humbly but as loudly as I could. "I hope you will forgive me."

I could see why Burton had said she was ugly. Her lips drew back from her teeth, and I thought she was going to spit.

"Go home to your mother!" She slapped her hand against the screen. I ran across the Baldwins' yard to the safety of my own house, weeping in humiliation. Burton peered from behind the green awning on his porch.

"Didn't she call your house?" I stormed.

His face was ghostly in the dusk.

"No," he whispered. I was indignant.

"Why not?"

"Why not?" he mocked. "She wouldn't dare—she isn't such a fool!"

He disappeared behind the awning. I stumbled home, feeling sick inside, and didn't even brush my teeth before I went to bed.

Burton never suggested any more tricks to play on Mrs. Newet, but I knew he carried on without me. When we went to school in winter there wasn't much that he could do, and in the summers when his mother was at home he played quietly with me and let me read his books. He kept his promise and didn't scare me with a fit again, and seldom even argued or was impatient. But sometimes a cat would disappear, or mud from the field would be splattered on the screen door, or a window would be broken. Mrs. Newet never mentioned any of her troubles to anyone, and I didn't tell.

We had lived in our house for nearly four years when Burton first said anything at all about his father. A light rain was melting the last snow, and we were sitting in my kitchen drinking cocoa made of chocolate bar and milk. Burton was fifteen, but he looked almost the same as he had when I first saw him except that his nose was larger and his mouth more thin. He wore a heavy sweater even in the house, and if he coughed his mother didn't let him go to school for fear he'd catch a cold. She stayed in bed almost all the time herself, and Mother took her soups and broths for lunch.

Mr. Baldwin was hardly ever at home. Even at night Burton locked the doors and slept in the room next to his mother's in case she had to call him. I couldn't understand what kind of work his father did which made him stay away so much. I was afraid to ask my mother since she never liked to talk about the Baldwins, so I simply questioned Burton. He sat there in the kitchen by the stove and put his cup of cocoa on the floor.

"Robbie," he said, "I knew about him when I was twelve."

"I'm sorry," was the only thing I knew to say. I meant that I was sorry that I was still so stupid; but he looked at me as though he thought I might mean something else. He got up and put on his cap and overcoat and went to the door.

"Perhaps I can still do something about it," he said.

Burton and I met often after school to read and study, and usually we stayed in his house so that his mother wouldn't be alone. She was so thin that she hardly made a lump under the blankets, and her rings were so loose on her hands that she didn't wear even her wedding band at all. But she always smiled when I came in, and said that I was good for Burton. It seemed to me that he had become more and more quiet since that day in the kitchen, and I believed that I was somehow responsible. We never discussed his father again, but I felt that he was waiting for something.

One day in April Burton didn't come by after school, and Mother told me that the Baldwins were going away for a few months since his mother was getting worse instead of better. They were going to close up the house and just take their clothes, and have a policeman come out every week to make sure that everything was all right. I was stunned. I could only think how terrible it would be to have no one but Jennifer to talk to all summer; and before my mother had finished talking, I ran out of the house and into the Baldwins' yard. Burton was sitting on his front porch tying a pile of books together with a string. I stopped on the steps and felt the tears pushing under my eyelids. I was nearly twelve years old, and I wanted to kick my feet and scream with rage. But Burton looked up and laughed and I had never seen him so happy.

"Did you know we are going away?" he shouted. "Did you hear?"

I suddenly felt sick to my stomach with shame that I had almost cried.

"We're leaving tomorrow!" He pulled the end of the string with his teeth, and jerked the knot.

"We're going to my aunt's in Ohio, and we're going to stay a long time!"

I wanted to throw up, but instead I tried to grin.

"That's nice," I said.

Burton was on his feet and was holding the books under one arm. He seemed very far away. I knew that I should go home and yet I couldn't move. He opened his front door and I thought he was going to

leave me without another word, but he twisted his head and winked.

"I'll send you a postcard."

"All right," I said. "Good-bye." And I walked across the yard hoping that he would write, and somehow knowing that he never would.

It was the loneliest summer that I ever spent. I fought with Jennifer and wouldn't change my clothes and sassed my mother until my father said he'd beat me if I didn't behave. I didn't care. Nothing was fun without Burton. I sat on the porch and peeled the paint off the chairs, and wouldn't have even trimmed the edges of the lawn except that I had been paid to keep the Baldwins' yard free from weeds and couldn't very well neglect my own. Every Saturday when the policeman went through their house, I followed him and asked him when they were coming back. He always said he didn't know, and finally told me to stay at home and leave him alone. I sulked for days and decided that I would be a criminal and seek revenge. I could hardly wait for the Baldwins to return.

Three days before school opened, my mother received a letter from Burton's aunt in Ohio. Mrs. Baldwin was dead. My father called me in from the porch to tell me, and I was suddenly sorry that I had been so hateful all summer. I had liked Burton's mother. I went up to my room and looked through the window at the house next door and tried to believe that she was actually gone. I remembered her smile and her little jokes, and the way she had looked at Burton. I listened to my mother crying downstairs, and heard my father swearing softly. After a while they were both quiet and then my mother murmured, "It is certainly true that the good die young." I lay down on the floor beneath the window and wept for Burton.

A few weeks after we heard about Mrs. Baldwin, Mother motioned me into the kitchen when I came home from school for lunch. Burton was upstairs washing his hands. He and his father were moving away for good and had come back to sell the house. While Mr. Baldwin was in the real estate office, Burton had ridden out on the bus to see us. Mother straightened my collar and told me to be careful what I said, and I was suddenly afraid. I did not know how to treat someone whose mother had died. I splashed water on my hands in the sink and dried them on the dishtowel, and almost wished that Burton had not come back. But when he walked downstairs everything was all right. He smiled just the way he always had, his mouth going up more on one side than the other. I noticed that he was thinner than ever; and he had on a dark suit that I had not seen before.



We ate cheese sandwiches and butterscotch pudding, and for once Jennifer kept quiet and didn't chew with her mouth open. Burton said he was leaving for a boarding school in three weeks, and that he probably would be put back a grade since he had missed so many classes. He didn't smile then, and he looked as though he hurt somewhere; but that was the only time he even mentioned that anything had happened. I began to tell him that Mrs. Newet had another cat without a tail, but Mother interrupted and started talking about how wonderful she was sure the new school would be; and I forgot all about it.

When we finished eating, Burton stood up and said he'd have to go, and thanked Mother for his lunch. She told him to remember that he was always welcome to come back any time, and I thought for a moment that he was going to cry. Then he tossed his head back and pushed his hair out of his eyes, and said he would remember.

It was time for me to go back to school, so we walked outside together, Burton a few steps ahead. He put his hands in his pockets and kicked a pebble down the walk. The sun was hot, and his hair looked almost white even in the shadow of the tree. He glanced across the street as we passed his own house, but when we came to Mrs. Newet's he stopped and looked at it as if he were trying to see in the windows. I thought again of the new cat and laughed, but Burton didn't seem to hear. He felt in his pocket and drew out a handkerchief in which was tied a piece of chalk.

He knelt, and while I watched, he wrote a filthy word on the sidewalk in front of Mrs. Newet's house. When he stood up he was trembling, and he dropped the chalk and then watched it roll into the untrimmed grass between the sidewalk and the street. I had never seen his face so white, not even in his most frightening moment of anger. He finally looked at me and said the surprising thing which I have never forgotten. His lips scarcely moved but the words were clear.

"She killed my mother."

I didn't know what to say, so I just stood and stared at him, horrified. Then the color came back into his face and he held out his hand. I shook it without thinking, feeling suddenly grown up and very wise. I was not sure that I liked it.

"Goodbye, Robbie," Burton said, and there was a lost, hopeless look about him.

"Goodbye," I whispered.

He turned and walked away from me past Mrs. Newet's house, carefully avoiding the chalked letters on the sidewalk. I waited until he reached the corner, but he never looked back.

To Kentucky

(Continued from Page 7)

If he could only know. I sat there wanting to be five again so that I could have courage to shout or even whisper in his ear that he was being taken to some strange place. I planned just what I would say. I would ask him to go anyway and get well, and I would promise to practice my piano lessons even on Saturdays for him. But I was thirteen and going to hell.

I was still watching the raindrops when my mother came to the door again. "Come say goodbye to your grandfather, dear. John's putting the things in the car now."

Grandfather had on a new grey hat, and his shirt was stiff. "Well, how do I look?" he asked, pretending to pose in the doorway with his cane.

"Very pretty." I forced a grin.

"Just a minute, ma'am. You certainly can do better than that for your old grandpa!" He stooped, and I was afraid the creases in his trousers would go away. He turned to my mother. "John can wait another minute." He looked at me. "You're going to *play* for me." I started shaking my head, but he said, "Yes, ma'am, you *are*," and pulled my arm toward the big upright piano. He leaned down and said to the top of my head, "I won't have anyone to play for me—in Kentucky." I looked up at him quickly. I smiled back slowly, surely, this time without force, and stepped over "Peggy O'Neal" to get to the piano bench.

Losses

(Continued from Page 8)

You can't move . . . / You're fast asleep, you're fast asleep." Here there is a clear reference to hypnotism. In other places it is only the effect of hypnotism that is wanted, not the picture of it. For instance, in the first line of "Pilots, Man Your Planes" the effect is employed to form immediately that anonymity, that mechanization that takes away all personality, meaning, significance for the flyer: "Dawn; and the jew's-harp's sawing seesaw song . . ." It is frightening to feel caught in the slow, crazy, familiar world written of here, the world where

The sea sways with the dazed, blind groping sway
Of the raw soul drugged with sleep, the chancy life
Troubling with dreams its wars, its own earned sea
That stretches year on year, death after death,
And hemisphere on blind black hemisphere
Into the stubborn corners of its earth.

It is just this overshadowing fear that is meant. It is the strange world that makes sense somehow, because it is really the only sense that we know. It is this that makes us believe in what is being said.

The use of rhyme has also been used to heighten the finality of the lines. Rhyme makes the lines seem finished, complete—gives the reader a sense of satisfaction that convinces just as thoroughly as the old fairy tales, ballads, or nursery rhymes with their sense of rightness. In some ways the rhyme is a part of the whole hypnotic effect.

If these poems were only frightening or hypnotic one would probably feel overwhelmed by them; but, as well as being human in the area of pity, they are human in the area of tenderness, of humor. In "Lady Bates," for instance, nothing could be more tender than the treatment of the little Negro girl. Her circumstances are sad but one feels that one could laugh at her for being only what she was—innocent and fresh and childish; could laugh for "A black ghost in the dark? / A black bare-footed, pig-tailed, trifling ghost / With eyes like white clay marbles, / Who haunts no one . . ." Strangely enough, reading this poem makes one glad to pity, glad to sympathize with her (This is a frequent effect—it is the pleasure in *feeling* that can make one enjoy reading even sad things). It is the ridiculous that can bring the appeal, the slightly distorted that becomes so familiar.

Much as it is the humanity of the poems that impresses one—one is at least equally impressed by the imagination, and the ability to make the impressions really carry over. By careful selection, by a sense of selection Mr. Jarrell does a lot, but the emphatic effect is the one that combines with the rest to allow the finished poem success. Underneath is a base of logical development, correct associations; a base that happily lacks exaggeration, and, is smoothly worked out. The coordination can be seen in part by means of the following quotation from "Lady Bates" (which is a thoroughly satisfying poem):

The lightning of a summer
Storm wakes, in her clay cave
At the end of the weeds, past the mock-orange tree—
Where she would come bare-footed, curled-up footed
Over the green, grained, rotting fruit
To eat blackberries, a scratched handful—
The little Lady Bates.

A Long Fourth

(Continued from Page 9)

girl on Church Street again and that there was a drunk horse in the yard." There is a unique feeling in these stories that you have always known the characters and that you are only watching them as they react to new situations.

Mr. Taylor values the thought patterns, customs, and institutions that are passing, but he values them for their beauty and not for any mistaken reverence he feels toward them. Unlike many Southern writers, Peter Taylor does not live under the illusion that the evils in the present world were absent from the society "when a race of noble gentlemen and gracious ladies inhabited the land of the South."

On Contributions and Contributors

VARIETY AND QUALITY have been the aims of the new staff in this issue of the *Coraddi*. It is often difficult to get both and sometimes variety suffers, but we think we have succeeded. This is the end of an exceedingly productive year in student writing, and the final fruits of it are in this issue of the *Coraddi*. Glance down this page and see if you can't find something of particular interest to YOU.

THE POETRY is done by a freshman, a sophomore, a junior, and a senior, and each poem differs widely from the others. Julia Moore, a freshman, has succeeded remarkably well in her dialect poem, "De Apple Dump-lin'." The excitingly primitive Ulamba poems are by Jean Farley, sophomore. Barbara Westmoreland, junior, comes through again with "Mr. B—", a kind of person she has written of before, and "Watching a Murder Trial," something new and something we think you will like. In this issue, the *Coraddi* prints the last poem by Marjean Perry, senior, that it will have the privilege of printing. Study it. It's worth your time.

THE STORIES are about grandfathers, uncles, cats, bus rides, and . . . but we'll let you figure that out. We warn you. Don't start reading "The Cats," a story by Joyce Posson, senior English major, unless you have time to finish it at one sitting. Nancy Shepherd, junior English major and former contributor, has written another story that we think you will like. It's a short, short story and she calls it "To Kentucky." Winnie Rodgers wrote "Uncle Mel," her first story to appear in *Coraddi*. "A Bus Ride" is by Pinky Parrott, a sophomore, from whom we are expecting more stories next year.

THE ART comes from Painting 342 and the Arts Forum. Senior art major Peggy Weir did the cover, and Malynda Hiott did the frontispiece. Hope you like the sketches of Mr. Jarrell and Mr. Taylor done by Mary Creety.

THE REVIEWS we know will be of interest to you since we all feel we have a particular claim to Mr. Taylor and Mr. Jarrell. Marjean Perry has reviewed *Losses*, a book of poetry by Randall Jarrell. Peter Taylor's book of short stories, *A Long Fourth*, was reviewed by Nancy Shepherd and Winnie Rodgers.

AN EXPERIMENT in prose rhythms is what Ann Forbes has attempted in her sketch, "The Broken Pair." To appreciate it fully, we suggest you read it aloud.

WE CAN'T CLASSIFY Betty Townsend's evaluation of her college career. "So Far, So What." Serious? Read it and find out.

THERE IT IS from the table of contents to the Pepsi-Cola ad. We hope you like it.

W. A. R.



Mary Haitcock

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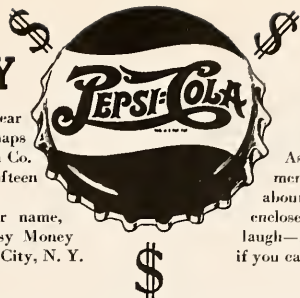
Air-Conditioning

Phone 2-4224

EASY MONEY

If your letters home read like this: "Dear Folks, Gue\$\$ what I need mo\$t?" then perhaps we can ease the parental burden. Pepsi-Cola Co. will cheerfully send you a dollar...or even fifteen for gags you send in and we print.

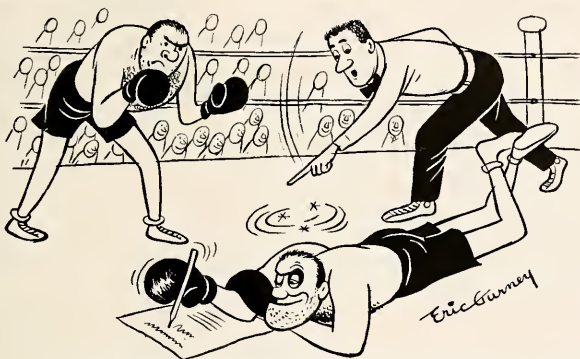
Merely mark your attempts with your name, address, school and class and mail to Easy Money Dept., Pepsi-Cola Co., Box A, Long Island City, N. Y.



DEPARTMENT

All contributions become the property of Pepsi-Cola Co. We pay only for those we print. As you might imagine, we'll be quite mad if you mention Pepsi-Cola in your gags. (Simply mad about it.) Remember, though, you don't have to enclose a feather to tickle our risibilities. Just make us laugh—if you can. We'll send you a rejection slip... if you can't.

GET FUNNY...WIN MONEY...WRITE A TITLE



"... well, as long as I'm down here I'll fill out my entry blank for the Pepsi-Cola 'Treasure Top' Contests."

Got a good line for this gag? Send it in! \$5 each for any we buy (Don't worry about the caption that's already there—that's just our subtle way of reminding you about Pepsi's terrific \$203,725 "Treasure Top" Contests. Latch onto entry blanks at your Pepsi-Cola dealer's today!) Or send in your own cartoon idea. \$10 for just the idea—\$15 if you draw it... if we buy it.

January winners: \$15.00 to Philip Gips of the Bronx, N. Y., and to Rosemary Miller of Mary Washington College. \$5 each to Jerry H. O'Neil of Washington University, Jack Marks of Columbus, Ohio, and C. A. Schneyer of New York City.

DAFFY DEFINITIONS



\$I apiece is shamefully sent to C. R. Meissner, Jr. of Lehigh Univ., Bernard H. Hymel of Stanford Univ., T. M. Guy of Davidson College, and Irving B. Spielman of C. C. N. Y. In fact we're almost sorry we did it.

Atlas—a geography book with muscle.
Spot—what Pepsi-Cola hits the.
Paradox—two ducks.
Laugh—a smile that burst.

* * *

Hurry and coin a phrase... you might face some coin. If that isn't easy money, we don't know what is.

LITTLE MORON CORNER



"Yuk, yuk, yuk!" we said when we read this. And promptly peeled off two crisp leaves of cabbage (\$2) for June Armstrong, of the University of Illinois:

"How do you like my new dress?" asked the little moron's girl friend on the night of the Junior prom. "See, it has that new look—with six flounces on the skirt."

"Dunnuh," replied our little hero. "that ain't so great. Pepsi-Cola's got twelve flounces!"

Do you know any little morons? If so, follow them, send us their funny utterances and we'll send you \$2, too. Nothing personal, of course.

HE-SHE GAGS

You, too, can write jokes about people. These guys did and we sent them three bucks each for their wit. To wit: Joe Murray of Univ. of Iowa, Bob Prado of the Univ. of Texas, King MacLellan of Rutgers Univ., and Ray Lauer of Cicero, Illinois.

She: Thanks for the kiss.
He: The pressure was all mine.

He: Yoo-hoo!
She: Shut up, you wolf!
He: Pepsi-Cola?
She: Yoo-hoo!!

She: What's the best type of investment?
He: Air mail stamps.
She: Why air mail stamps?
He: They're bound to go up.

* * *
She: If you kiss me, I'll call a member of my family.
He: (Kisses her).
She: (sighing) Brother!
* * *
Can you do better? We hope so. And we're ready to pay for it. \$3 is winning. Try and get it!

EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

At the end of the year, we're going to review all the stuff we've bought, and the item we think was best of all is going to get an extra \$100.00

TED WILLIAMS
BOSTON RED SOX

STAN MUSIAL
ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

BOSTON BRAVES
BOB ELLIOTT
VOTED MOST VALUABLE PLAYER
IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

CHAMPION N. Y. YANKEE'S
JOE DIMAGGIO
VOTED MOST VALUABLE PLAYER
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MANAGER OF
WORLD'S CHAMPION
NEW YORK YANKEES

EWELL
BLACKWELL
CINCINNATI REDS

THE
BASEBALL MAN'S
CIGARETTE

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NOTICE IS THEIR MILDNESS
that's because of their Right Combination
World's Best Tobaccos —

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